

# Millsborough Recorder.

UNION, THE CONSTITUTION, AND THE LAWS—THE GUARDIANS OF OUR LIBERTY.

Vol. XVIII.

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From the last number of the Library of Fiction.  
**THE GUERRILLA.**  
By Sheridan Knowles, Author of the Hunchback.  
(Concluded.)

"You have made a discovery I think," said the Senor. "I perceive your astonishment is as great as mine. Till tonight you were unacquainted with the sex of your young friend."  
"Till tonight!" was the brief but emphatic reply of the youth.  
"You took her for a brother?"  
"No Senor, for a cousin."  
"Have you been much together?"  
"Constantly; particularly in our studies."

"Your studies!" repeated the Senor, with surprise.  
"Yes, Senor; my father had received a liberal education in his youth; he studied at Salamanca. My mother had been a nun—they jointly instructed me."

"And you never suspected the sex of your companion?"  
"Never!"

"What language do you know besides your own?"  
"Latin and French."

"What do you know of the use of arms?"  
"My father says I am a tolerable master of the rapier."

"Was your companion taught it?"  
"No, Senor! I was always instructed in the use of arms by my father."

"I have seen you in the street, and you were armed with a sword?"  
"Yes, Senor! I was always armed with a sword."

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stopped short, and fixed his full eyes upon the Senor's face. The soul of deprecation was in that look; his color wavered; his lips began to quiver; his respiration became short, difficult, and tremulous; the blood rushed all at once to his face, and a torrent of tears burst from his eyes, as he threw himself at the feet of the Senor.

"No! no! no!" was all he could utter, as he convulsively grasped the Senor's hand, which he raised at every interval to his lips; "No! no! no!"

The Senor was one of those inexplicable characters, who exhibit at one time the greatest sensibility, and at another, the greatest obduracy of feeling. At a cause of sympathy, where no personal interest was opposed, he would melt as he did at the affecting interview between the Guerrilla youth and his supposed brother; but let that appeal interfere with his own inclinations, aims, resolves, he could be as callous as if his heart had never known the touch of truth, pity, or generosity.

Oldly he contemplated the prostrate image of supplicating agony, that knelt before him. There was no effort, no struggle, no more than in a rock upon which water breaks leaving it as it found it. "No! no! no!" in vain continued the youth, half suffocated with his sobs, and almost blind with weeping.

The Senor calmly disengaged his hands, rose—the youth still retaining his posture—approached the door, opened it, turned and paused for a moment or two with his hand upon the lock.

"I shall give directions for your immediate departure," said the Senor; "the cause of your disorder is too apparent. Hope is the nourisher of wishes; they droop, wither, and die when it is withdrawn. Within four days from this, my daughter will be espoused by a kinsman, whom I have fixed upon for her husband; you leave Burgos instantly!"

In a quarter of an hour, the youth was on his way to Madrid.

The Senor sat alone in his saloon, his eyes constantly directed towards the door of his apartment; it opened, it presented to him the loveliest female form that had ever entered it, conducted by the Senor's principal female domestic. Expectation, and uncertainty, were blended in the expression of the countenance; her eyes rested a moment on those of the Senor, then fell; and without lifting them again, she was led up to him. Her knees inclined to the ground, the Senor's arms prevented them from reaching it, and folded her to his breast.

"My child!"

"My father!" was all that was uttered for several minutes. The lost, found daughter had been cautiously prepared for the interview.

Having given vent to her emotions, and the attendant having withdrawn, the father and the daughter now sat side by side. For a time she listened with interest to his account of the consternation and distraction which her sudden disappearance when a child had excited; of the various means which had been resorted to, but in vain, to effect her recovery; of the different conjectures which had been formed, as to the cause and manner of her abduction, and the quarter whither she had been conveyed; but gradually her attention slackened, and slackened until at last the Senor stopped, finding that he was pouring his communication into ears that took no note of it, while the now abstracted maid sat fixed in the attitude of listening. An expression of deep thought and anxiety spread itself over the countenance of the Senor as he sat contemplating the breathing statue before him.

A footstep was heard in the passage. It aroused her; she listened; it passed; she sighed and relaxed into her trance. Another footstep was heard; she was awake again; she listened; it was close to the door; the door opened; almost she arose from her seat; a domestic entered; she heaved a deeper sigh than before, and the spell of abstraction again came over her. The gloom of the Senor's countenance deepened; his brow became contracted; he frowned upon his new found child; he felt his heart rising into his throat, but he bit his lip, and kept his emotions in.

"Come," said he at last, rising from his seat. "Let me make you acquainted with your father's house, of which as yet you only know a room or two."

She rose mechanically and took the arm which he proffered. He conducted her through the various apartments of a very noble mansion; furniture the most costly, was uncovered to solicit her admiration; the richest apparel was taken from costly wardrobes, and spread before her; cabinets were unlocked; jewels were withdrawn from their cases, and put into her hands, or disposed here and there about her person. Thus she might view them in spacious mirrors; the history of this set and that set—her chosen in their collection—was told to her; she saw, she

heard, but she noted not—the impression of her senses vanished the moment the causes were withdrawn—once only was that interest, which makes impression permanent, excited—when she looked at the portrait of her mother. She stood before it mute—reverence scarce lifting its eye to the object it venerates and would look upon; she crossed her arms upon her breast—she dropped her eyes, half bowed, and raised them to the portrait again; a tear started and trickled. It was plain that the portrait was awakening other ideas besides that of the original—she slowly turned her face towards the Senor, who stood beside her—a want and a wishfulness were depicted in that face.

"You'll be kind to me," she said, and bursting into tears hid her face in the Senor's breast.

Dinner was announced: she eagerly took the Senor's hand when he offered it to conduct her to the room where it was laid. She almost went before him, but she had scarcely entered the door and looked round, when she faltered as though she was about to drop. No one sat down to table but the Senor and her. One Cover was laid before her, she tasted its contents, and no more. Another and another followed with the same result. Appetite was gone—nothing could provoke it. The desert was as little honored as the dinner. Wine was poured out for her; she touched the lip of the cup, but its contents went away untasted.

"Almeira!" said the Senor, as soon as they were left alone, "are you unhappy at having found your father?"

"No!" ejaculated the ingenious girl, lifting her eyes and looking full in the Senor's face.

"Yet you are unhappy at something!" added the Senor inquiringly: the girl was silent.

"Your new state of fortune, Almeira," resumed the Senor, "must give rise to new habits—new pursuits—new connections," the Senor was going on, but observing that the color was rapidly leaving the cheek of his auditor, he paused; and, differently from what he had intended, at length went on: "your happiness, Almeira, shall be the first care, as it is the first wish of your father."

The girl's eye brightened up—the color returned to her cheek—she started from her seat, throwing her arms round the neck of the Senor, whose countenance, instead of being irradiated like that of his child, now lowered with an expression of deep perplexity and trouble.

"Take your seat again, Almeira," said the Senor. The girl returned to her seat.

"Happiness, my child," said the Senor, "is the result of doing, not merely what we wish, but what we know to be wise and right. You must have no concealments from your father. Tell me, did you not expect to-day to meet with some one whom you have missed?"

A face and neck of scarlet formed the reply of the maid, as she sat with downcast eyes and hardly appeared to breathe.

"I know you did, Almeira," resumed the Senor, his countenance darkening; "but he has left his house."

A slight convulsive inspiration was all that was uttered by the maid, but where there was crimson before, there was now the hue of ashes.

"He has left Burgos," continued the Senor.

She gasped.

"He must never return to it!" firmly added he.

The girl lay senseless on the floor.

The evening of the third day after the departure of the youth, the house of the Senor was lighted up for festivity; his doors thrown open for the reception of all who chose to enter, disclosed in the distance an illuminated garden. The company was of various descriptions, the custom such as pleased the fancy of the wearers; some came in masks and dominoes; some in fancy and some in plain dresses; group after group passed in. Numbers of the common class of people remained stationary in the street, sufficiently interested in watching the arrival of the visitors. Among them and in front, stood a young man, enveloped in ample cloak, with which, as well as with his hat that was pulled down over his eyes, he partly concealed his countenance.

"Can you tell me the meaning of this?" said he to one who stood by him.

"Don't you know?" abruptly demanded the other. "I thought every one in Burgos was acquainted with it. The Senor gives a feast to-night, in joy for having recovered his long-lost daughter, and in honor of her approaching nuptials, which are to take place to-morrow."

"Stand up," continued he, in a tone of slight impatience; "What ails you that you stagger so? are you drunk?"

"No!" replied the first speaker, yet caught by the arm of his neighbor, evidently for support. It was the youth. After a day's journey and a half, he had turned, and, reckless of consequences, came back

to Burgos. He had no life now but what was centred in a passion, whose root was as deep as the recollections of his boyhood. He thrilled with the thought of a thousand embraces and other acts of endearment, which when they occurred, were received as welcome but merely customary things. His lips now clung in fancy to lips whose pressure he had but half returned—nay, often checked; he felt as if he could have parted with the whole store of his life's breath, to feel now for one moment the sweet breath of those lips. He had arrived in Burgos that very evening about dusk: had taken up his quarters at the house of an old woman, who, perceiving by his attire that he was a mountaineer—a truce had just been proclaimed between the Guerrillas and the inhabitants of Burgos—had called him to her, and asked him if he would undertake to convey a grandson of hers, who was sickly, into the mountains that night. He had consented, having begun to plan the wildest schemes for the abduction of the Senor's daughter; and providing himself with a cloak which would thoroughly conceal his figure, he hastened into the street where the Senor lived, and planned himself with the rest before the house.

"May be," said the man whom he had accosted, feeling that he leaned upon him from faintness: "May be you have not eaten to-day, and are exhausted with fasting. If so, yonder is food enough," continued he, pointing to the Senor's door, "and nobody is prohibited from entering."

"Nobody!" echoed the youth inquiringly.

"Nobody!" reiterated his neighbor, who scarcely missed the youth from his side when he saw him glide into the Senor's house.

In the hall the youth encountered the Senor—whom, however, masking his face by a profound bow as he moved in, he contrived to pass without being discovered. He turned into the parlor; it was full, but the object whom he sought was not there; he mixed with the company that were amusing themselves with music, strictly and dancing in the garden, but with no better success. He ascended to the library, but his searching eyes, that eagerly looked from side to side, examining every group, were unrewarded for their pains. He passed into the saloon, which was the most crowded; with no small difficulty he made his way to the head of the apartment, where a small space was kept clear, in the centre of which sat, upon something like a throne, a female of the most exquisite form, richly but simply attired. She was leaning back, displaying to full advantage the curve of a beautifully arched neck, her face quite turned away, in earnest conversation with an elderly woman, evidently of subordinate rank, who stood behind her. The youth gasped for breath. He felt a movement among those who were standing near him, as if to make way for some person who was approaching; he mechanically yielded, without once withdrawing his regards from the object upon whom he had first fixed them. The Senor entered the area, conducting a young cavalier by the hand.

"Almeira!" said he.

The queen of the festivities turned her head, and presented to the youth the face of the companion of his childhood and boyhood; but now enhanced in beauty, from the more congenial attire which its owner had assumed. The Senor presented the cavalier, who took and kissed the hand which he never, she did not offer. The youth moved his hand towards his sword, but checked himself, and drew his metal closer about him.

"Who is that young cavalier?" with as much composure as he could command, inquired he of the person who stood next him.

"The intended husband of the Senora," His hand moved towards his sword again, but again he checked himself.

The Senor whispered his daughter—she rose. The cavalier presented his arm—she took it. They moved through the stately apartment, the company making way as they approached. The youth mechanically followed.

With what feelings did he contemplate the lovely form before him! the graceful, the full-curving sweep of the downward portion of the figure!—the ankle that seemed made for ornament rather than support! all set off by the effect of female drapery. A thousand wild and maddening resolves passed in rapid, stormy succession through his mind, but they all settled into one—to die before her!—To reveal himself and die!

He turned for a moment to look for the Senor. He had stopped to converse with some friends. He followed the pair through the library, and down into the garden, whither at the looks of gratulation and delight that were cast them on every side as they passed. The min-

strelsy and dance were proceeding. Her companion conducted her to an arbor, and seated himself there beside her. The youth took his station a some distance, directly in front. The full blaze of the lights displayed every feature as clear as if it were noonday. Her full, dark eye sparkled—cheerfulness shone in her countenance—she had forgotten the companion of her youth!—she was listening to him with whom the remainder of her life was to be passed! What was life or the world to the deserted one?

The aged female he had remarked in the saloon approached. She rose instantly and met her before she reached the arbor. They whispered and separated. She resumed her seat, her countenance brighter than before.

"They have been speaking about her approaching nuptials," sighed the youth to himself. "She will be a bride to-morrow!"

The cavalier now addressed her. She bowed. He rose and hastily left the arbor. They youth thought that this was the time. He stood before her, his hand upon his dagger. He was about to breathe the well-known name, but it was unnecessary. She knew him, enveloped as he was, and uttered a half suppressed shriek. By a violent effort, however, she instantly recovered herself.

"Fly to the mountains!" she said, as rapidly as she could articulate. "I shall meet thee there to-morrow."

He stood astounded.

"Fly!" she reiterated. "Living or dead I will be thine!—He returns! Fly—as you love me, fly!"

He looked in the direction whither the cavalier had departed. He was returning, carrying a basket of fruit and followed by the Senor. The youth bent one gaze upon her, such as she had never received from him before. He saw that it penetrated her soul. She answered it, pressing her hand upon her heart. He darted into a group that stood near; gradually, but as fast as he could, withdrew from the garden, and quitted the house, his soul in a ferment with feelings which he could not define, but which were transport compared to those which he had experienced but a few minutes before.

"Where is your grandson?" he eagerly inquired of his hostess as he entered.

"He will be here at midnight, of which it only wants an hour. In the meantime you can take some refreshment."

He sat down to the first repast he had tasted with relish for the last three days. He ate heartily, and washed down the viands with an ample draught of excellent wine. The dame did not play the niggard to her grandson's guide. He inquired the time. It wanted yet half an hour of midnight. He became restless.

"Are you positive," said he, "that your grandson will be here?"

"Positive," she replied.

"At length the church clock struck the hour, and at the last stroke a knock came to the door. He flew to open it. Two mules were without, upon one of which was mounted his expected fellow-traveller. He sprang upon the back of the other, and they set off.

Engrossed with his own reflections, the youth did not interchange a syllable with his companion. The lovely, stately form of the Senor's daughter was ever before him, but contemplated with feelings far different from those with which he had followed it in the saloon. He dwelt with wonder on its fair stature—its rich outline—its bewildering symmetry! He became lost in a trance of delicious meditation, unconscious that he was following the charge whom he had undertaken to conduct. They had now reached the mountains. The breath of his native air first recalled him to himself. It was grey dawn—11p. was several paces in the rear of his companion. He rode up to him.

"To what part of the mountains would you go?" inquired he.

"Blessed virgin!" ejaculated the other, suddenly drawing the bridle. The youth did the same; sprang from the animal that carried him, and clasped the Senor's daughter in his arms, returned to her boy's disguise. His neck felt the clasp which it had often felt before, but never as now; the lips printed kisses where they had before passively received them, nor was their pressure unreturned.

The aged female in the saloon and garden had been the nurse of the Senor's daughter—had received her from the Senor when she had swooned in the dining-room, and learned from her the cause. Feeling that the daughter's life must fall a sacrifice if she was forced to comply with the Senor's wishes, she planned the escape, and effected it, determining to follow, and end her days with one whom, an infant, she had nourished in her bosom.

"You are mine!" exultingly exclaimed the youth, as he sprang again into his



saddle. The trampling of horses was heard close behind them! They looked back—they were pursued. They endeavored, by urging their mules to the top of their speed, to escape, but they were overtaken. In vain the youth attempted resistance: he was disarmed, bound, and in a state of distraction conducted with the Senator's daughter back again to Burgos.

"I shall give him his life," said the Senator: "but he shall see her married before his face."

The priest was summoned—the bridegroom was ready. The Senator's daughter was led down into the room, supported by two domestics. The priest proceeded as he was directed, but no response could entreaties or threats induce the maid to give.

"I will answer for her," said the Senator. "It is murder," shrieked the youth, and with a convulsive effort of his arms, burst the cords by which they were constrained, and darting forwards, clasped the maiden warmly to his breast: the maiden, roused by the action, clung wildly to him!

"Separate them," vociferated the Senator.

"The attendants endeavored to obey him, but in vain. The hands of the pair were clasped with the strong tenacious hold that is sometimes taken in the agony of violent death.

"Kill him!" cried the Senator.

"Forbear!" commanded a voice of thunder, as the Guerilla strode into the room. "Forbear! He is your nephew, and I am your elder brother."

The Guerilla—if such we may call him—had in his youth fallen desperately in love with the daughter of a noble family. She was destined to take the veil. She returned his passion, and during her novitiate eloped with him from her convent. He carried her into the mountains, and buried himself with her there. They were excommunicated. She bore him a son, and died shortly afterwards. To secure to that son restoration to his paternal possessions, the father had stolen the Senator's daughter, whose sex, for various reasons, was carefully concealed till the last. The death of the Senator's son, whom the Guerilla had in vain attempted to rescue, and who revealed his name to the Guerilla, and penned with his dying hand, for his father, a relation of what had happened, presented an opportunity for carrying into effect the plan which the Guerilla had long in contemplation. He repaired to Burgos, confident of security in the double hold which he had upon the Senator; when the events which we have narrated in the commencement took place. Encouraged by the paper which the youth, upon arriving at Burgos, presented to him, he had repaired to Madrid, obtained complete enfranchisement from the disabilities under which he lay, and returned in time to succor his son and his niece, who that very morning were united.

**A true Story.**—The following story of "Love and Prudence," first appeared in the New York (Pa.) Recorder, and the fact which it records occurred in a neighboring county, beyond the Susquehanna. The way this beautiful and sprightly heiress treated her fortune hunting lover, should be a caution to the whole order.

**Love and Prudence.**—A young gentleman who was desirous of entering the holy state of matrimony, and had turned his attention to the gilded beauties of the day—selected at length, for particular address, a young lady who was reported rich, as well in the matter of "lucre" as in mental and personal accomplishments. He felt the fair one stealing over his senses a "witching spell" upon his faculties. But he wanted to make assurance doubly sure, and leave no "loop whereon to hang a doubt" touching the worldly possessions of his beloved. Fame, it is true, has spoken her wealthy—but fame has a cruel fashion of exaggeration in these matters. In a word, if the truth must be told, our lover was not so madly in love, but he was able to preserve some "method" in it. And before the glorious passion had reached its crisis, he had the singular prudence to examine records—and to obtain an exact knowledge of the wealth of his charmer! How happy was he to find that her estate was clear; and for once even more valuable than rumor had proclaimed it.

Flying on the wings of love, to the wedding of his fair one—in good set phrase he declared his affection for her—made a tender of heart and hand; and besought her to smile upon his passion and make him happy. But the "flattering tale" of hope was not realized. The star of our happy fortune had, alas! not yet cast its silver above the horizon! By some means, it happened the young lady had been apprized of the lover's curiosity; and in the midst of his decant upon the flames and darts and Cupid, she very composedly drew from her reticule a small piece of money, and approaching him made this reply:—Although I may not profit by your very favorable sentiments towards me, still I cannot think of your being a loser on my account. As you have been at the expense of a "search," I must be allowed to replace the amount so expended. No saying she put an eight penny piece in the lover's hand, and he—went his way.

A jest is no argument, and loud laughter no demonstration.

## CIRCULAR.

### To the Freemen of Orange, Wake and Person.

#### FELLOW CITIZENS:

I take this method of offering my services as a candidate to represent you in the House of Representatives of the next Congress. Many of you were pleased to request this at a much earlier period, and but for a necessity which I deemed absolute, that I should be absent from the District during the greater part of the Summer, I would, though with great reluctance, have yielded to the solicitation. Knowing and approving that custom which has long prevailed, and which requires of the candidates for public station to appear in person before the people, and exhibit their views of public affairs before the elections, and being unable, on my part, to comply with it, I left home supposing that all thought of my nomination had been abandoned. I have since learned, however, that my Fellow-Citizens, in various parts of the District, with many of whom I have not the honor of a personal acquaintance, have, with a knowledge of my absence, insisted on presenting my name to the people. For this generous manifestation of their confidence, I entertain the liveliest gratitude, and should I be the choice of the District, will endeavor to repay it by faithful and devoted service. Whilst I have no disposition to obtrude on the public attention, I am not insensible, I trust, to any duties of a citizen, and do not feel at liberty to withhold my assent from the offer which has been so feelingly made. Whether it prove acceptable to the majority, with whom rests the election, must remain to be determined, so far as I am concerned by the unbiased suffrages of the voters themselves. The late period at which I return to the state, allows me no time for canvassing the District, even if I were capable, in any degree, of affecting public opinion.

The present condition of our financial affairs is well calculated to awaken anxiety, and calls for the most serious and patient attention from every citizen—not as partisans, with minds already made up, but as patriots, desiring nothing so much as the welfare of the country. Our public moneys, amounting to many millions of dollars, have been paid into banks which are unable or unwilling to repay the Government. No portion of it at present, is repaid in gold and silver, and much, it is feared, will never be repaid at all. Bank notes, which constitute by far the largest portion of our currency, are no longer convertible into specie. Exchanges are destroyed, so that it is difficult, if not impossible, to make remittances from one part to another of our country, to carry on the necessary commerce between them, and with foreign nations. Many of our Merchants, and other citizens, both the judicious and prudent, as well as the reckless and speculating, have suddenly and unexpectedly, both to themselves and others, become insolvent. Pecuniary confidence between man and man, has been greatly abridged, and in many places, destroyed. The great staple productions of the country have fallen in price, and agricultural, as well as mechanical labour meets with an insufficient reward. Our immediate section of country, from its interior position, as well as other causes, is happily exempt in a great measure, from the calamities which oppress others; but no section can long escape, unless a remedy be speedily applied; any every section is interested in the safekeeping of the public monies, the soundness of the circulating medium, the facilities of domestic trade, and the prosperity of our foreign commerce.

I shall not attempt to pierce the causes of these things or to censure any as agents in their production, they are of sufficient moment to call for the union of all patriotic minds to remove them—suffice it to say, that whatever may have been the origin of the disease, the remedy (so far as remedy is possible) can be looked for, only from the General Government. Accordingly the President has convened Congress at an early day. But what shall Congress do? How can they best provide for the collection and safekeeping of the public treasure—for equalizing exchanges, and reviving commerce—for making bank paper so far as it circulates equal to gold and silver or else to cease from circulation entirely? These are questions for the whole American people. Shall it be by the destruction of all Banks? Congress cannot do this if it would. The State Legislatures claim the power to allow and to establish Banks under a great variety of modifications, and no one of the twenty-six, as far as I know, has failed to exercise it. Shall it be by the issue of Treasury drafts redeemable in gold and silver at the Public Treasury? I do not perceive how that would better the exchanges, or the qualities of the Bank paper of the States. It failed also as a measure of finance when tried by Mr. Dallas, the Secretary of the Treasury under Mr. Madison, who therefore withdrew his objections to the incorporation of a National Bank, and recommended its establishment. Shall it be by a Bank to be carried on by the Government, on its own funds, between the times of their collection and disbursement? This would be found difficult in practice, and would so greatly enlarge the powers of the Executive as to give it undue right in the Government. Whether the President will

recommend to Congress any specific plan of relief, I know not. Should he do so, it will be entitled to deliberate and impartial consideration. I regret that it is not now before the country, that I might, in this communication, signify my approbation of dissent—on a subject, upon which those, with better means of information, and longer versed in fiscal affairs appear to be at a loss—I must needs speak with diffidence—and but for your right to know even the inclinations of my mind, I might without impropriety be silent until every plan was fully developed. As yet, however, I perceive no safer guide than experience—that a National Bank, both that chartered under General Washington, and under Mr. Madison was highly beneficial in collecting and transmitting the public monies, and in equalizing exchanges—that after the first few years of their existence their paper was equal to gold and silver in all parts of the Union and in many foreign countries, thereby preventing the exportation of specie—and that the latter contributed greatly, if it did not solely cause the resumption of specie payments by the State Banks, then as now, almost universally suspended. I believe, are facts demonstrated by our history—these were their benefits. It was said on the other hand that they were dangerous to liberty and guilty of improper practices for which they ceased as National Institutions. I am aware of the dangers of money power, and if such a corporation cannot be so restricted, as to be incapable of wanton injury either to the public or individuals, it should not be allowed. But the Legislative power must be lamentably impotent, if it cannot fashion the creation of its own creature, so far as to render it accountable to the law for its conduct, and punish, if not prevent its abuses. I believe Congress has the Constitutional power to establish a Bank, and I at present, perceive no measure better calculated to relieve our distresses. I have been thus explicit in the statement of my present impressions, because, if elected, I wish to be at liberty to support such measures as the best interests of the country may require, after a due consideration of all. Should this be the incorporation of a Bank, I assure you, it would proceed from no personal or partisan zeal—from no particular love for Banks, but a conviction of public benefit. I could never, however, give my consent to such an institution, unless under such guards as would prevent all abuses which could be foreseen. To avoid all misconception of motive, I take the liberty to state, that I have never been either a shareholder or debtor in any Bank whatever—the only interest I have in them, is, in common with every other citizen, that their notes shall at all times be convertible into Specie, and therefore equal to it.

It is known to many of you, that I did not concur in the election of the present Chief-Magistrate; and should a competitor be presented whom I may prefer, I probably shall not do so at the next election. I will endeavour, nevertheless, whether in public or private life, to do justice to his measures, and should deem myself altogether unworthy of your confidence, were I capable of opposing or supporting any measures on account of the source from which it sprung. My first wish is that the country shall be well governed, rather than that it shall be governed by any particular set of men. My opinions in relation to the Public Lands, the distribution of the Surplus Revenue, the repeal of the Treasury Circular, and the wanton interference with our rights in the attempts at Abolition, by the people of other States, are, I presume sufficiently known to require no notice here. With this imperfect exposition of my sentiments, I cheerfully leave the result with you perfectly satisfied whatever it may be.

Your Fellow-Citizen,

WM. A. GRAHAM.

July 23rd 1837

From the *Providence Intelligencer*.

**Change of Doctrine.**—The metallic currency, which has been for a year or two the war-cry of the reigning party, has suddenly been abandoned. The following letter was published in the N. Y. Times a few days since, signed by upwards of seven hundred of the most respectable of the Van Buren party. Never was there a more complete backing out than this, by which the experiment is blown sky high.

New York, July 4, 1837.

Sir: We, the undersigned, members of the Democratic republican party, in the city of New York, have seen, with pride and pleasure, your letter to the editor of the Albany Argus, of the sixth of June last.

We consider it due to you, and more especially to our beloved country, that we should express our entire approbation of the sentiments so laudably put forth in your letter. Your words are: "I am in favor of a well regulated credit system, and opposed to the chimerical scheme of an exclusive metallic currency. Preserve and regulate, but do not destroy. The credit system is the distinguishing feature between despotism and liberty."

In these high and patriotic views we heartily concur, and assure you that we believe them to be the sentiments of the great majority of the Republican party; and we cordially tender to you our unanimous support in the proper efforts to sustain and establish these principles in the Legislature of this great and enterprising nation.

Accept the assurances of our high consideration and respect.

To the Hon. N. P. Tallmadge,  
Senator of the U. States.

The facility with which the party press too the mark in obedience to this order to the right about, would be matter of surprise were it any other party in the world. The Globe recants with its accustomed hardihood, and boldly denies its past opinions. Take for instance the following comprehensive denial that there has ever been an "Experiment!"

"The chimerical scheme of an exclusive metallic currency has never been entertained by the friends of the past or present administration, nor has there been the slightest attempt to interfere with the credit system. The sentiment of Mr. Tallmadge on this point properly receives the approval of his political brethren. A currency exclusively metallic has never been proposed, nor advocated, either by President Jackson, Mr. Van Buren, Mr. Benton, or any other friend of the administration high in authority, or in the confidence of the democracy."

The Albany Argus, N. York Times, and other leading Van Buren prints, fall into the same confession of the new faith, renouncing the old one without a struggle. The Richmond Enquirer, is more wary, and says nothing. The letter signed by the seven hundred is inserted in that paper under the head of "Incidents of the day," and with the passing remark, that "the signs of the times indicate, that the monetary system of the country excites much solicitude and some diversity of opinion." There is no hint of what the Editor thinks of the movement, or of its effects, and we cannot refrain from wondering that a most decisive act of the Tammany party of New York should be treated with such indifference.

**Specie.**—The New Era asks, can it be true that the Post Office specie is sold? Certainly, it is true.—Nothing but specie is received at the Post Office. It is specially deposited in Bank. The Post Master General draws against it; contractors and others receive it. Is it given away when it will command ten per cent. premium? Nonsense! Some one makes that premium on all disbursements of Government paid.

The Globe, however, feels it necessary to deny it. Hear him:—

"We understand there is not the shadow of a shade to rest such an imputation upon. It is a sheer fabrication."

Is it? We shall see if it is a fabrication. Upwards of 1000 dollars a week is received here at the Post Office in shillings and sixpences—what becomes of it?

It is either boxed up and sent to Washington, or specially deposited in Bank. Specie sells for ten per cent. premium—this money is paid away to those having claims on Government. Does any one who knows Amos Kendall suppose that when he has \$1000 to pay he will allow the person holding the draft to receive \$1100? In every part of the Union specie is demanded for postage and for duties—what becomes of it? We know that the Government does not pay in current notes, what then becomes of the specie; who sells it—who pockets the ten per cent. premium?

The Globe, which has no reputation to lose in any statement, says it is a "fabrication," but the Globe does not explain what becomes of the specie excited by the Government. New York Star.

#### A TREASURY BANK.

This has ever been a favorite expedient of Mr. Van Buren and his party. The principal design in breaking down the Bank of the United States, was to make way for their favorite scheme of issuing notes from the Treasury at Washington, which were to supply the place of the bank notes. Gen. Smith, in his report in 1830, thus spoke of this scheme: "Of such an issue of paper money, the Executive at Washington would be the natural fountain; the agents of the Executive, the natural channels.—The individuals, and corporations, and States, who borrowed it must become debtor to the Government; and the inevitable consequence would be the creation of a moneyed engine of direct dependence on the officers of Government, at variance with the whole scheme of our institutions. The limit to which this currency should be issued, the persons to whom it would be lent, the securities taken for its payment, the places where it should be redeemed, involve great complication and great hazard, regarding it merely in a financial point of view, while, on more enlarged considerations of political expediency, the objections to it are, in the opinion of the committee, insuperable and fatal."

Not satisfied with thus demonstrating the impracticability of a Treasury Bank, the General goes a step further.—Long acquainted with the finances of the country, and having seen and partaken as a merchant in extensive business, of the advantages of the currency supplied by the Bank of the United States, the General declares his opinion that a resort to such an expedient was unnecessary.

Believing such a scheme to be impracticable, the committee were consoled with the reflection that it is unnecessary, as they are satisfied that the country is in the enjoyment of a uniform national currency, not only sound and uniform in itself, and perfectly adapted to the purposes of the Government and the com-

munity, but more sound and uniform than that possessed by any other country.

This was the voice of experience, it was the voice of wisdom, and it was a currency more sound and uniform than that possessed by any other country. To gratify the wicked ambition of the men at Washington, an experiment was instituted, which has resulted in making our currency "the worst of any civilized country."

Baltimore Chronicle.

The Baltimore Chronicle says: one of the papers quotes, with striking appropriateness, in reference to the existing state of things, the reply of Dr. Sangrado to the remonstrance of Gil Blas against his system of bleeding all his patients for all diseases, and in all stages of all diseases. "I believe," said Dr. Sangrado, "I have carried the matter a little too far, but you must know I have written a book upon the efficacy of this practice, therefore though every patient we have bled by it, we must continue bleeding, to the benefit of my book." Just so with the Currency Tinkers. They have gone on, from one stage of hostility to the United States Bank to another, until they settled down in the purpose of "rescuing the constitutional currency of gold and silver," and they have written sundry books to prove that it is a panacea for every ill that man is heir to, in the money way—and therefore, though every patient should die, still they must continue to bleed for the sake of their theory and the books written in defence thereof.

#### "THE BETTER CURRENCY."

When General Jackson first commenced his crusade against "the monster," it was boldly asserted by the administration prints, and the assertion is still maintained, that the bank is an enemy to the poor, and that such an institution is only accessible to aristocratic merchants; while the ridiculous doctrine of an entire metallic currency, which was treasured by the Chief as his life's blood, was heralded forth by the Globe as the most magnificent scheme the mind of man could conceive of, and as destined to be a lasting blessing to the country. Nicholas Biddle was to be struck dead by the necromancy of modern democracy, and in the name of the sound and substantial currency which then existed, was to be substituted the "yellow boys," which were to be ten through "the interstices of silver purses," shortly to be in the hands of all. Well, the magnificent scheme has been tried; the experiment has been tried; and we are now enjoying its full and sad effects. The following, from the New York Star, is one of the specimens which are daily occurring of the manner in which the measures of the party in power operate upon the dear people, for whom they have affected so much love.

**Mr. Editor:** A few days since a young man, painter by trade, sent to his wife in this city from Alabama, where he has been at work for the last six months a \$100 bill on one of the banks of the State. His wife, for some days, could do nothing with the bill. On making her situation known to a gentleman for whom her husband had formerly worked, he, after spending about half a day among the brokers and others, and after great persuasion, mentioning at the same time the paucity of the case, obtained \$80 safety fund money for the \$100 bill. Now, sir, had that aristocratic monster, Nick Biddle, had a branch, as formerly, in Alabama, or that vicinity, and in this city, it would have been the means of saving this worthy and industrious mechanic 19 or 20 dollars on 100. I daily hear it asserted by a certain class of politicians, whose hearts are overflowing with love for the "poor people," that a national bank would be of no service to poor people, and that none but aristocratic merchants want such an institution. Now, sir, the writer of this is a poor man, he depends on his daily labour for support, and can say, let me be under the dominion of monsters, Nick Biddle, or aristocratic merchants, or Turks, if you please—let me be under the control of all these, but spare me, I beseech, from the love and tender mercies of these modern lovers of the poor people.

#### REFORM.

We have learned, says the Boston Atlas, to regard the Executive and not the People as the source of Power; and to make the election of President a matter of altogether too much importance. True it is, that our President is a creature of the absolute autocrat which he has been for the last eight years, his election will be of necessity the only point of political interest and action. But restore their legitimate powers to the co-ordinate branches of the Government; make the President, what it was intended he should be, the agent of executing, not the authority to frame the laws; strip him of you may of his all-powerful patronage; reduce him to his Constitutional capacities; and you can at once have a Congress, with no temptation to sacrifice the People for the Crown, and an Executive which cannot evade the will of the People by the corruption of the People's Representatives.

This Reform must begin in Congress; and let the People thunder at their gates till their duty to the people is performed. Congress is the Law-making Power. It is infinitely more important to reform Congress, and through that body the Executive, than to make or unmake Presi-



Let Congress then discharge its duty; re-assert and recover its rights and prerogatives; secure its own independence and the respect of the people, by removing its own members from the reach of Executive patronage, and the very suspicion of corruption; and the People may be saved from the perpetual turmoil and convulsion which must always attend a struggle for powers of an Elective Despot.

**PARTY NAMES.**—We have often had occasion to notice the influence of mere names in moving and operating upon masses of men. In our country one of the acts of the cunning politician is to adopt some popular name for his party, and, sticking to that, lose sight of principles with impunity. No bolder or more bare faced imposture was ever practised upon a betrayed and deceived people, than the assumption of the title of "the Democracy" by the leaders of the Administration party. Analyze their principles—examine their conduct—mark their actions, they will be found invariably opposing democratic sentiments in relation to civil government. And yet they cling with the pertinacity of leeches to the name of Democrats! They think there is a power in that name which carries the people with them. They are as cunning as they are deceitful. Where is their democracy? Is it in supporting executive power—in aiding the usurpations of the federal authorities—in upholding protests—in contending for the irresponsibility of the President and his officers—in subjecting the will of the Legislature to the will of the Executive? Throughout the long series of the usurpations and outrages of the late Executive of the nation, these patent Democrats never uttered a syllable of disapprobation. They suffered blow after blow to fall upon the rights of the people, without a voice of complaint. Can the people be misled with such rank hypocrisy much longer? Can they fail to detect the daw under his borrowed plumage? We should hope not. The reign of imposture has been long enough. It is full time that democrats and republicans should be known and recognized by their principles, and not by any name which men may adopt to suit their own purposes.

Alexandria Gazette.

**Self condensation.**—Mr. Van Buren, while a member of the United States Senate, delivered a speech against Executive power, in which occurs the following passage. Language more directly applicable to, and more severely condemning the policy of Gen. Jackson's administration, and his own, and the party that has sustained them, could not easily be found. He says:

"The Tories of England strive by all the means within their reach, to increase the dominion and influence of the Throne at the expense of the COMMONS and the PEOPLE; and the Whigs to counteract the exertions of their adversaries, by bridging that dominion and influence, or the advancement of the rights and the consequent amelioration of the People. The Tory principle, seeking to absorb as far as practicable ALL POWER from its legitimate sources, and to condense it in a single Head; the Whigs being the antagonist principle, labouring assiduously to resist the encroachments and limit the extent of EXECUTIVE AUTHORITY. The former is essentially the Monarchical, and the latter the Democratical spirit of society."

**Shaving.**—"Tom, got your note shaved today?" "Yes, guess you'd think so—to the tune of 30 per cent!" "Well, now, that's a circumstance to what I've seen. Tim Lackpenny came to Uncle S. the other day, to get a draft cashed, and the old fellow made him pay 101 per cent, and the difference between specie and paper. That's shaving for ye."—*Providence Herald.*

"We can tell a story as good as that, and a true one too. During the last winter a few years since, a noted speculator from Bangor was in the counting room of one of our money lenders—the conversation turned on the amount of discount which had been made on land notes for cash, and the speculator said he had certain notes which he would sell for three per cent, a month discount. At the request of the money lender, several notes were produced which were offered at that discount—one of them had a long time to run, and the discount at three per cent, a month, amounted to more than the face of the note—the money-lender said he would take that, and the speculator might give him his note for the balance. That was about as clean a shave as the history of the land mania can boast."—*Portland Argus.*

From the New York Mercantile Advertiser.

**INTERESTING ANECDOTE.**—At one of the entertainments given to Mr. Webster in Illinois, there was present an old Revolutionary soldier who had always been a warm and ardent supporter of General Jackson's administration. He appeared to be much excited by the honors paid to Mr. Webster, and the enthusiasm with which all the parties seemed to receive him; denouncing him in unmeasured terms as an aristocrat; declaring that no confidence could be placed in his patriotism, and expressing a determination to contradict his lies on the spot; and saying also, that as came of that purpose, and resolved to do it.

Accordingly, he took his seat near Mr. W. and waited the commencement of his speech. The toast to this distinguished orator and statesman touched upon his services in defence of the constitution, and he commenced his remarks by an allusion to that instrument.

After disclaiming any peculiar credit for any efforts of his own, he proceeded to dilate upon the value of those sacrifices and concessions by which our liberties had been achieved, and finally secured by the adoption of our great charter. He spoke also of its vast importance, the consequences which would result from its destruction, and the disappointment of all those high hopes which had been entertained by those who had witnessed its adoption. He had been speaking in this strain but a few moments, when the old soldier was observed to be in tears. After finishing this subject, touching upon some other topics, Mr. W. came to consider the present situation of the country, tracing out, step by step, the causes which led to it, and delineating with a master's hand the successive measures by which this flourishing and happy country had been brought to the verge of ruin; pointing out also, the various pretences which had been made use of by General Jackson to shield his attacks upon the currency, and exposing their utter hollowness and insufficiency.

After closing a most eloquent and effective speech, what was the surprise of those to whom the old soldier had expressed his determination, and to whom his violent partialities were well known, to see him walk up to Mr. W. and offer him his hand. Not only did he do this, but in the presence of an assembled multitude, he said: "Sir I came here prepared to deny whatever you might say; I expected to hear you make statements with which I could not agree. But, sir, you are right. What you have stated I know to be true; for I have witnessed and seen it all, and I am now convinced that the Administration has been wrong. You are a true friend of the country, and I cannot go away without telling you so, and shaking you by the hand."

This was the substance of the old veteran's remarks, and their effect may well be imagined. One involuntary shout broke from the surrounding multitude, and continued to ring long after he had retired.

**The Ever Ready Plan.**—A man was lately tried at Monmouth, N. J. for murdering his mother and a lodger in the house, and then setting fire to the premises for the purpose of concealing his atrocities; that was all. The jury acquitted him on the all-convenient plea of insanity. We have not seen the proceedings on this trial, and of course have no right to decide upon the sufficiency or insufficiency of the facts proved as to the actual commission of the deed, but we have the right to conclude, from the ground stated in justification of the acquittal, that the testimony was full on that point. The facility with which the most atrocious villains are allowed lately to escape punishment for great crimes by merely interposing the pretence of insanity, is rendering jury trials in this country a mere mockery. Here is this miscreant, for instance, who, after committing the crime of murder, and adding another murder to the enormity, is cunning enough to add arson by way of concealing the double murder, and still the jury acquit him on the ground of insanity. It would have done him no harm to have hanged him at any rate. The verdict of this jury is nothing more nor less than a guaranty of another murder or two from the same wretch, whenever it suits his inclination or convenience.

N. Y. Gazette.

The Ladies of Portland have adopted a rule of domestic economy that is ample enough, we think, to be entitled political economy, and if the ladies throughout the United States will follow the footsteps, every naked child in the country may be comfortable clothed, without so much as purchasing a yard of new material.—*They have resolved to clothe their children with the Bishop sleeves of rejected dresses.* If this resolution could by any means become general, there will be no difficulty about clothing for some years. We have made a calculation, and have probably approximated as near to exactness as some other dabblers in statistics. By this calculation, there are about fifty millions of superfluous yards of silk, muslin, calico, and other material, lying idle since tight sleeves have banished the Episcopal currency from this country. Let the unemployed surplus be applied according to the Portland model, and one scriptural injunction at least, will be obeyed. The provision for the poor would have been much less ample if the ladies had concluded to devote the other parts of their dresses; but the sleeves are sufficient to clothe a continent.

"I wish I could join the Temperance Society," said a little boy about six years old, who stood shivering in one corner of a miserable habitation rendered comfortable by ardent spirit. "You are not old enough," replied his mother, "you can't understand it." "I guess I'm old enough to know better than to drink whiskey," was his reply.

A young man idle, an old man needy.

## HILLSBOROUGH.

Monday, July 31.

The necessary absence of the editor has caused a delay in issuing this number of the Recorder.

**Supreme Court.**—James Saunders, of Raleigh, has been admitted to the practice of law in the County Courts; and Edwin G. Reade, of Person, to Superior Court practice. Since our last, the following opinions have been delivered:

Ruffin, C. J. delivered the opinion of the Court in the case of O'Kelly v. Clayton et al. from Buncombe, affirming the judgment below.

Daniel, J. delivered the opinion of the Court in the case of Adcock v. Fleming, from Chatham, awarding a new trial.

Gaston, J. delivered the opinion of the Court in the case of Dunn v. Sharp, adm. in Equity, from Franklin, declaring the plaintiff entitled to have the mistake corrected as prayed for in the bill.

It is reported that his majesty, William IV. King of England, died on the 20th ult. at Windsor Castle. The Archbishop of Canterbury and several members of the royal family were present. The Princess Victoria, who became of age in May last, is the heir to the throne.

From Ponson's American Daily Advertiser.

### IMPORTANT FROM MEXICO.

We learn by a Mexican paper, just received from Vera Cruz, that Senor Don Francisco Pizarro Martinez, long known as the patriotic and efficient Mexican Consul at New Orleans, has been appointed Minister Plenipotentiary to the United States. The statement is copied from the Diario del Gobierno, of a very recent date.

From this it appears evident, that the Mexican Government is fully disposed to make a further effort to adjust the differences between the two nations, by pacific means, and we may add, that she could not have selected a more suitable person to represent her at Washington than Senor Martinez.

His thorough acquaintance with the politics of this country—his intimate knowledge of the plots and operations of the slaveholders and land-speculators, the instigators and supporters of the insurgent bandits in Texas—his familiarity with our language, manners and customs—his sterling patriotism, acknowledged talents, and extensive general information—all qualify him, in an eminent degree, for a proper discharge of the duties pertaining to the high and important trust committed to his care. As he had not left New Orleans previous to his appointment, his speedy arrival at Washington may be anticipated.

A very late letter has also been received from Col. Almonte. He fully confirms the recent account of preparation for prosecuting the war in Texas; but we cannot expect that much will be done before the close of the dry season, perhaps about the middle of September.

Office of the Herald,  
New York, N. Y., July 18th, 1837.  
**IMPORTANT FROM WEST FLORIDA.**

Intelligence has just been received by a gentleman from Marianna, that another battle had taken place between the whites and the Indians, in which the latter were defeated with severe slaughter—number not ascertained. The loss on the part of the whites was five killed and several wounded.

From all accounts we are led to apprehend serious difficulties the ensuing fall from the Creek and Black Water Bay Indians, who are now prowling about the uninhabited parts of West Florida, near the heads of Escambia and Black Water Bays, to about 500 strong.

**Light in the East.**—An election for Congress took place, on Monday last, in the Hancock and Washington (Maine) Congressional District, which Mr. Jarvis, Chairman of the Naval Committee, represented in the last Congress. Mr. Jarvis is no longer a candidate. Two Van Buren candidates have been heretofore run in his stead, Mr. Chandler and Mr. Pillsbury, but Mr. P. appears in this third or fourth trial to be abandoned. Eleven towns have been heard from, which gives Noyes (Whig) 702; Chandler (V. B.) 553; scattering, 13;—a gain of two or three hundred in those towns for the Whig candidate thus far. This District is the Easternmost Congressional District in the United States. *Poulson.*

Who are the friends of the poor? The Cincinnati Whig says, "There are now at least 200 pilots, and as many engineers, thrown out of employ by the falling off of business upon the western waters, and twelve or fifteen hundred hands. These are the times in which Benton was to have 'Gold running up the Mississippi,' so fast; and with this empty sound he still attempts to cheat the people out of their common sense, and their bread. The gold has all run into the pockets of Benton and Company,

while the common people are left without employment or means of living.

**Reform.**—One of the best instances of reformation which we have heard of, is going to Bristol, Me. The Distillery in that place is turned into a Grist Mill, and will be instrumental in sending true nourishment for the people, instead of that which has proved a poison and the source of discord, unhappiness, poverty and crime. *Prov. Journal.*

A curious instance of prolonged somnolency, or suspended consciousness, is related in the last Schenharie Republican, which approximates in kind if not in duration to the case of Rip Van Winkle. A Mrs. Sidney, living near that village, fell asleep in her chair soon after tea, on the 18th ult.—was carried to bed (it being found impossible to wake her,) where she slept soundly and quietly until the 24th, when for the first time she appeared to notice what was passing. During all this time (six days,) she took no food.

**Paragraphs from the Louisville Journal.**—It appears by the intelligence from the East, that the Locomotive of public opinion has its steam up. Mr. Van Buren must get out of the way, or the cars may pass over him.

The suspensions in New Orleans still continue. Some of the merchants merely suspend payments—others suspend themselves by their necks.

We have seen \$5 notes of Mr. Van Buren's Pet Banks at Natchez, sold for \$1.25. Ten thousand cheers for the "better currency."

The doors of the Deposit Banks are already closed. What a beautiful report we shall have next winter from the Secretary of the Treasury upon the subject of the "unavailable funds" of the Government.

The Romans punished their bad rulers at Tarpeian Rock. The people of the United States will punish theirs at the ballot-box.

**Early Rising.**—Dean Swift says that "he never knew any man to rise to eminence, who lay in bed of a morning;" and Dr. Franklin, in his peculiar manner, says that "he who lays in bed late may trot all day, but never overtake his business."

**Anecdote.**—We must be unanimous," observed Hancock, on the occasion of signing the Declaration of Independence; "there must be no pulling different ways, we must all hang together." "Yes," added Franklin, "we must all hang together, or most assuredly we shall all hang separately." *Rochester Daily Adv.*

### DIED.

At his residence in Orange county, on the 25th instant, ALFRED MOORE, esq. in the 55th year of his age. For many years Mr. Moore was a member of the Legislature of this state from Brunswick county, and during the entire period of his service, was as remarkable for the enlarged views which he took of our state policy, as for the ability and eloquence with which he sustained them. He was several times called to the chair of the House of Commons, over which body he presided "with equal dignity, urbanity and intelligence." As a Legislator his country good was his polar star; and he pursued it with a truth and intrepidity, which turned the crooked paths of policy, and rendered him regardless of consequences to himself. It was this feature of his mind, which while it made him most useful to the public councils of the state, effectually closed upon him the door of political advancement.

During latter year Mr. Moore had withdrawn himself wholly from public employment, but there at home who had the pleasure to meet him in private society, who did not feel that his leisure hours had been successfully dedicated to literary pursuits. As a companion we doubt if the state has produced his superior, whether we regard his conversation most for the instruction with which it abounded, or the delight it afforded.

Amiable in all the relations of life, he possessed a spotless integrity and a chivalric sense of honor rarely met with in modern times.

Such a man can never descend to the tomb without eliciting the regret of the wise and the good.

In this county on Monday evening last, in about the 90th year of his age, Mr. CHARLES WOOD, a soldier of the Revolution.

On Sunday the 23d instant, Miss RACHEL RILEY, daughter of Mr. William Riley.

On Thursday the 27th instant, Mr. JOSHUA THOMPSON, an aged and respectable citizen.

In this county, on the 28th instant, in the 9th year of her age, LOUISA HOLDEN, daughter of Thomas W. Holden, esq.

A captain in the U. States Infantry serving with Gen. Jackson against the Indians, was put under arrest, and not being brought to a court martial for a considerable time, he tendered his resignation. The following is the concluding passage in his letter:—"In leaving the service, I am not abandoning the cause of Republicanism, but yet hope to brandish the glittering steel in the field, and carve my way to a name which shall prove my country's neglect; and when this mortal part shall be closed in the dust, and the soul shall wing its flight to the regions above, in passing by the pale moon, I shall hang my hat on brilliant Mars, and make a report to each superlative star and arriving at the portal of heaven's chancery, shall demand of the attending angel to be ushered into the presence of Washington."

The late Rev. M. G. happening one day to go into the churchyard while the beadle was employed neck deep in a grave, throwing up the mould and bones, to make way for another person, said: "Well, Saunders, that work you are employed in is well calculated to make an old man like you thoughtful. I wonder you dinna repent of your evil ways." The old worthy, resting himself on the head of his spade, and taking a pinch of snuff, replied, "I thought, sir, ye kent there was no repentance in the grave."

The minister of a neighboring parish was called, some time ago, to effect a reconciliation between a fisherman of a certain village, and his helpmate. After using all the arguments in his power to convince the offending husband that it was unmanly to chastise manually his beloved *cara sposa*, the minister concluded—"David, you know that the wife is the weaker vessel, and ye should have pity on her." "Confound her," replied the morose fisherman, "if she's the weaker vessel, she should carry the less sail."

**Crime.**—It is a fact worthy of notice that three-fourths of our convicts are single men. Marriage renders men more wise and more virtuous.

### Weekly Almanac.

JULY.	Sun	Mon	Tues	Wed	Thurs	Fri	Sat
25 Friday	5	6	57	5	6	57	5
26 Saturday	5	6	57	5	6	57	5
30 Sunday	5	6	56	5	6	55	5
31 Monday	5	6	55	5	6	54	5
32 Tuesday	5	6	54	5	6	53	5
33 Wednesday	5	6	53	5	6	52	5
34 Thursday	5	6	52	5	6	51	5
MOON'S PHASES.							
	2	4	12	20	28	3	11
New							
First							
Full							
Last							

### LOOK AT THIS!!

#### N. C. State Lottery.

For the benefit of the Salisbury Academy,  
**Class No. 14, for 1837.**  
To be drawn at Bethania, Stokes county, on Thursday, 10th August.  
75 No. Lottery—14 Drawn Ballots.

#### SCHEME.

- 1 Prize of 10,000 Dollars.
- 1 Prize of 3,000 do.
- 1 Prize of 2,000 do.
- 1 Prize of 1,000 do.
- &c. &c. &c.

Whole Tickets, \$5 00  
Halves, 2 50  
Quarters, 1 25

All prizes payable in CASH, forty days after the drawing, subject to a deduction of fifteen per cent.

Tickets for sale in the greatest variety of numbers, at my Office, one door above the store of Walker Anderson & Co., in Hillsborough, N. C.

ALLEN PARKS, Agent.

July 27. 80—

#### STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA.

##### Orange County.

Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions,  
May Term, 1837.

Thomas Holloway, Wright Holloway, John Horne and wife Betsey, and others,

vs.  
John Lathers & James Latta, ex'rs of Thomas Holloway, dec'd. Bramilian Holloway, dec'd. Holloway, dec'd. Elizabeth Trice, Wyatt Harrod and wife Agga, John Whitaker and wife Susan, and John Woods.

Appearing to the Court in this case, that Bramilian Holloway, David Holloway, the heirs of Elizabeth Trice, Wyatt Harrod & wife Agga, John Whitaker & wife Susan, and John Woods, are not residents of this state; it is ordered by the court that publication be made in the Hillsborough Recorder, for the space of five weeks, of the pendency of this suit, that the said defendants may appear at the next term of the Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions, to be holden for Orange county, on the 4th Monday of August next, then and there to answer, plead or demur to the said petition, otherwise the same shall be taken pro confesso as to them, and heard ex parte.

J. TAYLOR, c. c.

Price adv. \$5 00

### Stray Mule.

STRAYED from the subscriber, on Cain Creek, six miles from Mount Willing, on the 2d inst., a brown female MULE, thirteen years old, had a sore on its back, caused by the saddle; no other mark recollected. Any information respecting said mule will be thankfully received, and a reasonable reward will be given for the recovery of the same.

JAMES MINNIS.

July 31. 80—

The Raleigh Register and Greensborough Telescope will insert the above three weeks, and send their accounts to this office for collection.



